

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1834.

No. 13.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

TO THE PUBLIC.

We have the pleasure of informing the venders of this Journal in town and country, and all other friends, that some obstacles which stood in the way of its hour of publication are now removed, and that they can have it in any part of the kingdom, at the time most convenient to them.

Letters and Parcels to be addressed to the Editor, to the care of Mr. Hooper, No. 13, Pall-Mall East.

A PINCH OF SNUFF.

(Concluded.)

FROM the respect which we shewed in our last to scented snuffs, and from other indications which will doubtless have escaped us in our ignorance of his art, the scientific snuff taker will have concluded that we are no brother of the box. And he will be right. But we hope we only give the greater proof thereby of the toleration that is in us, and our wish not to think ill of practice merely because it is not our own. We confess we are inclined to a charitable regard, nay, provided it be handsomely and cleanly managed, to a certain respect for snuff-taking, out of divers considerations: first, as already noticed, because it helps to promote good-will: second, because we have known some very worthy snuff-takers: third, out of our regard for the snuff-taking times of Queen Anne, and the wits of France: and last, because in the benevolence, and imaginativeness, and exceeding width of our philosophy (which fine terms we apply to it in order to give a hint to those who might consider it a weakness and superstition),—because we have a certain veneration for all great events and prevailing customs, that have given a character to the history of society in the course of ages. It would be hard to get us to think contemptuously of the mummies of Egypt, of the ceremoniousness of the Chinese, of the betel-nut of the Turks and Persians, nay, of the garlic of the South of Europe; and so of the tea-drinking, coffee-drinking, tobacco-smoking, and snuff-taking, which have come to us from the Eastern and American nations. We know not what great providential uses there might be in such customs; or what worse or more frivolous things they prevent, till the time comes for displacing them. "The wind bloweth where it listeth;" and so for ought we know doth the "cloud" of the tobacco-pipe. We are resolved, for our parts, not to laugh with the "scorner," but even to make merry with submission; nay, to undermine (when we feel compelled to do so) with absolute tenderness to the thing dilapidated. Let the unphilosophic lover of tobacco (if there be such a person), to use a phrase of his own, "put that in his pipe, and smoke it."

But there is one thing that puzzles us in the history of the Indian weed and its pulverization; and that is, how lovers, and ladies, ever came to take snuff. In England, perhaps, it was never much done by the latter, till they grew too old to be "particular," or thought themselves too sure of their lovers; but in France, where the animal spirits think less of obstacles in the way of inclination, and where the resolution to please and be pleased is, or was, of a fancy less nice and more accommodating, we are not aware that the ladies in the time of the Voltaires and Du Chatelets ever thought themselves either too old to love, or too young to take snuff. We confess, whether it is from the punctilio of a colder imagination, or the perils incidental to a warmer one, that although we are interested in comprehending the former privilege, we never could

do the same with the latter. A bridegroom in one of the periodical essayists, describing his wife's fondness for rouge and carmine, complains that he can never make pure, unsophisticated way to her cheek, but is obliged, like Pyramus in the story, to kiss through a wall,—to salute through a crust of paint and washes:

"Wall, vile wall, which did those lovers sunder."

This is bad enough; and considering perhaps a due healthiness of skin, worse; yet the object of paint is to imitate health and loveliness; the wish to look well is in it. But snuff!—Turtle-doves don't take snuff. A kiss is surely not a thing to be "sneezed at."

Fancy two lovers in the time of Queen Anne, or Louis the Fifteenth, each with snuff-box in hand, who have just come to an explanation, and who in the hurry of their spirits have unthinkingly taken a pinch, just at the instant when the gentleman is going to salute the lips of his mistress. He does so, finds his honest love as frankly returned, and is in the act of bringing out the words, "Charming creature," when a sneeze overtakes him!

"Cha - Cha - Cha - Charming creature!"

What a situation! A sneeze! O Venus, where is such a thing in thy list?

The lady, on her side, is under the like mal-apropos influence, and is obliged to divide one of the sweetest of all bashful and loving speeches, with the shock of the sneeze respondent:—

"Oh, Richard! Sho - Sho - Sho - Should you think ill of me for this?"

Imagine it.

We have nothing to say against the sneeze abstract. In all nations it seems to have been counted of great significance and worth respectful attention, whether advising us of good or ill. Hence the "God bless you," still heard among us when people sneeze; and the "Felicità" (Good luck to you) of the Italians. A Latin poet, in one of his most charming effusions, though not, we conceive, with the delicacy of a Greek, even makes Cupid sneeze at sight of the happiness of two lovers:

Hoc et dixit, Amor, sinistram ut ante,
Dextram sternuit approbatum.

Catullus.

Love, at this charming speech and sight,
Sneez'd his sanction from the right.

But he does not make the *lovers* sneeze. That omen remained for the lovers of the snuff-box; people more social than nice.

We have no recollection of any self-misgiving in this matter on the part of the male sex, during the times we speak of. They are a race, who have ever thought themselves warranted in taking liberties which they do not allow their gentler friends; and we cannot call to mind any passage in the writings of the French or English wits in former days, implying the least distrust of his own right, and propriety, and charmingness in taking snuff, on the part of the *gentleman* in love. The "beaux," marquises, men of fashion, Sir Harry Wildairs, &c. all talk of, and use, and pique themselves on their snuff boxes, without the slightest suspicion that there is any thing in them to which courtship and elegance can object; and we suppose this is the case still, where the snuff-taker, though young in age, is old in habit. Yet we should doubt, were we in his place. He cannot be certain how many women may have refused his addresses on that single account; nor, if he marries, to what secret sources of objection it may give rise. To be clean is

one of the first duties at all times; to be the reverse, or to risk it, in the least avoidable respect, is perilous in the eyes of that passion, which of all others is at once the most lavish and the most nice,—which makes the greatest allowance for all that belongs to it, and the least for whatever is cold or foreign, or implies a coarse security. A very loving nature, however, may have some one unlovely habit, which a wise party on either side may correct, if it have any address. The only passage which we remember meeting with in a book, in which this license assumed by the male sex is touched upon, is in a pleasant comedy translated from the French some years ago, and brought upon the stage in London—the "Green Man." Mr. Jones, we believe, was the translator. He also enacted the part of the lover, and very pleasantly he did it. It was one of his best performances. Luckily for our present purpose, he had a very sweet assistant, in the person of Miss Blanchard, a young actress of that day, who after charming the town with the sprightly delicacy of her style, and with a face better than handsome, prematurely quitted it to their great regret, though, we believe for the best of all reasons. In the course of her lover's addresses, this lady had to find fault with his habit of snuff-taking, and she did it with a face full of such loving and flattering reason, and in a voice also so truly accordant with the words which the author had put into her mouth, that we remember thinking how natural it was for the gentleman to give up the point as he did, instantly, and to pitch the cause of offence away from him, with the exclamation, "Ma tabatiere, adieu." (Farewell, snuff-box.) Thus the French, who were the greatest sinners in this matter, appear, as they ought, to have been the first reformers of it; and openly to have protested against the union of love and snuff-taking, in either sex.

We merely give this as a hint to certain snuff-takers at a particular time of life. We are loth to interfere with others, till we can find a substitute for the excitement and occupation which the snuff-box affords, fearing that we should steal from some their very powers of reflection; from some their good-temper, or patience, or only consolation; from others their help to wit and good-fellowship. Whenever Gibbon was going to say a good thing, it was observed that he announced it by a complacent tap on his snuff-box. Life might have been a gloomier thing, even than it was, to Dr. Johnson, if he had not enlivened his views of it, with the occasional stimulus of a pinch. Napoleon, in his flight from Moscow, was observed one day, after pulling a log on to a fire, impatiently seeking for his last chance of a consoling thought, and he found it in the corner of his snuff-box. It was his last pinch; and most imperatively he pinched it! digging it, and fetching it out from its intrenchment. Besides, we have a regard for snuff-shops and their proprietors, and never pass Pontet's, or Killpack's, or Turner's, without wishing well to the companionable people that frequent them, and thinking of the most agreeable periods of English and French wit. You might almost as soon divorce the idea of the Popes, Steeles, and Voltaires, from their wigs and caps, as from their snuff-boxes. Lady Mary Wortley took snuff; Madame Du Bocage also, no doubt; we fear even the charming Countess of Suffolk, and my lady Harvey. Steele in the character of Bickerstaff, speaking of his half-sister, Miss Jenny Distaff, who was a blue-stocking and about to be married, thinks it desirable that she should not continue to have a nose "all over snuff" in future. He seems, in consideration of her books, willing to compromise with a reasonable beginning. Ladies are

greatly improved in this respect. No blue-stockings now-a-days, we suspect, take snuff, that have any pretensions to youth or beauty. They rather chuse to realize the visions of their books, and vindicate the united claims of mind and person. Sure of their pretensions, they even disclaim any pretence, except that of wearing stockings like other people; to prove which, like proper, unaffected women, they give into the fashion of short petticoats, philosophically risking the chance of drawing inferior eyes from the charms of their talk, to those of their feet and ankles.

In the battle of the Rape of the Lock, Pope makes his heroine Belinda conquer one of her gallant enemies by chucking a pinch of snuff in his face; nor does he tell us that she borrowed it. Are we to conclude that even she, the pattern of youthful beauty, took it out of her own pocket?

But this bold lord with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued,
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;
The Gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust;

A capital line!)

Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'efflows,
And the high done re-echoes to his nose.

This mode of warfare is now confined to the shop-lifters. No modern poet would think of making his heroine throw snuff at a man.

An Italian wit has written a poem on Tobacco (*La Tabaccheide*), in which, with the daring animal spirits of his countrymen, he has ventured upon describing a *sneeze*. We shall be bolder than he, considering the less enthusiastic noses of the north, and venture to give a free version of the passage.

Ma mi sento tutto mordere
E dentro e fuori
Il maeto degli odori,
E la piramide
Rinocerontica;
E via più crescere
Quella prurigine,
Che non mai sazia,
Va stuzzicandomi,
Va rimordandomi,
E inuggiolandomi,
E va gridandomi
Fluita, fluta, annasa, annasa
Questa poca, ch'è rimasta.—
Chi m'ajuta? su, finiamola,
Che non è già questa elleboro,
Ma divina quintessenza,
Che da Bacco ha dipendenza,
Donatrice d'allegri...
D'allegri... gri-gri-allegri...
(Lo starnuto mel rapia)]
Donatrice d'allegria.

There is more of it, but we cannot stand sneezing all night. (We write this towards bed-time).

What a moment! What a doubt!—
All my nose, inside and out,
All my thrilling, tickling, caustic
Pyramid rhinocerostic,
Wants to sneeze, and cannot do it!
Now it yearns me, thrills me, stings me,
Now with rapturous torment wrings me,
Now says "Sneeze, you fool; get through it."
What shall help me—Oh! Good heaven!
Ah—yes, thank ye—Thirty-seven—
Shee-shee—Oh, tis most del-ishi
Ishi-ishi—most del-ishi
(Hang it! I shall sneeze till spring)
Snuff's a most delicious thing.

Sneezing however is not a high snuff-taking evidence. It shews the author to have been raw to the science, and to have written more like a poet than a professor.

As snuff-taking is a practice inclining to reflection, and therefore to a philosophical consideration of the various events of this life, grave as well as gay, we shall conclude the present article with the only tragical story we ever met with in connexion with a snuff-box. We found it in a very agreeable book—"A Week on the Loire."

"The younger Cathilineau, devoted with hereditary zeal to the worn out cause of the Bourbons, took up arms for Madame la Duchesse de Berry; associated in his successes with M. de Suriac, M. Morisset, and M. de la Soremere, names dear in the annals of fidelity and courage. Orders were given to arrest them at Beaujeau; they took refuge in a Chateau in the neighbourhood. The troops surrounded and searched it, but all in vain; not a single human being was found in it. Certain however that the objects of their search were actually within the precincts of the Chateau, they closed the gates, set their watch and allowed no one to enter, except a peasant whom they employed to show

the hiding places. This watch they kept three days, till wearied by the non-appearance of the parties, and the bellowing of the cattle, who were confined without water and on short allowance, they were on the point of quitting the spot; one of the officers, however, thought, previous to doing so, he would go over the Chateau once more—the peasant followed close at his heels: suddenly the officer turned towards him, "Give me a pinch of snuff, friend," said he.

"I have none," replied the man, "I do not take it."

"Then who is there in this Chateau that does?"

"No one that I know of—there is no one in the Chateau, as you see."

"Then whence comes the snuff which I see here?" said the officer, pointing with his foot to some which was scattered on the ground.

The man turned pale, and made no reply; the officer looked round again, examined the earth more closely, stamped with his foot, and at last thought he felt a vibration, as if the ground below were hollow. He scrutinized every inch, and at length saw something like a loose board; he raised it up, and then alas! he beheld Cathilineau, in front of his three companions with his pistols in his hand ready to fire. The officer had not a moment to deliberate—he fired—Cathilineau fell dead, and his companions were seized. This story was told us by the keeper of the Musée, and afterwards confirmed by an officer who was one of the party employed."

We almost regret to have closed a light article with "so heavy a stone" as this. ("To tell him that he shall be annihilated," saith Sir Thomas Brown, "is the heaviest stone that melancholy can throw at a man.") But the snuff-taker, with his magic box in hand, is prepared for all chances. As the Turk takes to his pipe, and the sailor to his roll of tobacco, so he to his pinch; and he is then prepared for whatsoever comes,—for a melancholy face with the melancholy, or a laugh with the gay.

Another pinch, reader, before we part.

THE WEEK.

From the 25th of June to the 3d of July, inclusive.

HONEY-DEW.

"How honey-dews entalm the fragrant morn."

GARTH.

DURING the latter half of June and the first half of July, the observer of trees is most accustomed to find upon them a sweet and mysterious liquid, the origin of which is still a question among naturalists. The following chapter on this subject is taken from the work which furnished us with our extract the other day respecting the swarming of bees, and the title of which was accidentally omitted. We hasten to repair this involuntary injustice to the best-written and most comprehensive book which exists in the English language on the subject of bees. It is entitled "The Honey-Bee, its Natural History, Philosophy, and Management," and is the production of Dr. Bevan. It was published some years ago by the house of Baldwin and Cradock, and we cordially recommend it to all who love to have thorough information on a pleasant subject.

The term Honey-dew, (says Dr. Bevan,) is applied to those sweet clammy drops that glitter on the foliage of many trees in hot weather. The name of this substance would seem to import that it is a deposition from the atmosphere, and this has been the generally received opinion respecting it, particularly among the ancients; it is an opinion still prevalent among the husbandmen, who suppose it to fall from the heavens. Virgil speaks of "Aëri mellis celestia dona;" (the celestial present of honey out of the air), and Pliny expresses his doubts, "sive ille est celi sudor, sive quædam siderum saliva sive purgantia se aëris succus," (whether it is an exudation from heaven, or the stars, or the atmosphere). The Rev. Gilbert White, in his Naturalist's Calendar, regards honey-dew as the effluvia of flowers, evaporated and drawn up into the atmosphere by the heat of the weather, and falling down again in the night with the dew that entangle them. But if this were the case, the fall would be indiscriminate, and we should not have it confined to particular trees and shrubs, nor would it be found upon green-house and other covered plants. Some naturalists have regarded honey-dew as an exudation or secretion from the surface of those leaves upon which it is found, produced by some atmospheric stroke, which has injured their health. Dr. Darwin stands in this class. Others have viewed it as a kind of vegetable perspiration, which the trees emit for their relief in sultry weather; its appearance being never observed in a cold ungenial summer. Dr. Evans is of this opinion. Mr. Curtis has given it as his opinion that the honey-dew is secreted by the aphis or vine-fretter, an insect which he regards as the general cause of what are called blights. He assures us that he never, in a single instance, observed the honey-dew unattended with aphids.

I believe it will be found that there are at least two sorts of honey-dew; the one a secretion from the surface of the leaf, occasioned by one of the causes just alluded to; the other a deposition from the body of the aphis. Sir J. E. Smith observes, of the sensible perspiration of plants, that "when watery, it can be considered only as a condensation of their insensible evaporation, perhaps from some sudden change in the atmosphere. Groves of poplar or willow exhibit this phenomenon, even in England, in hot calm weather, when drops of clear water trickle from their leaves, like a slight shower of rain. Sometimes this secretion is of a Saccharine nature, as De la Hire observed in orange trees. "It is somewhat glutinous in the tilia or lime tree, rather resinous in poplars, as well as in *Cistus Creticus*." Ovid has made an elegant use of the resinous exudations of Lombardy poplars, which he supposes to be the tears of Phaeton's sisters, who were transformed into those trees. Such exudations must be considered as effusions of the peculiar secretions; for it has been observed that manner may be scraped from the leaves of *Fraxinus ornus*, as well as be procured from its stem by incision. They are often, perhaps, a sign of unhealthiness in the plant; at least such appears to be the nature of one kind of honey-dew, found in particular upon the beech, which in consequence of an unfavourable wind, has its leaves often covered with a sweet exudation, similar in flavour to the liquor obtained from its trunk. So likewise the hop, according to Linnaeus, is affected with the honey-dew, and its flowers are rendered abortive, in consequence of the attacks of the caterpillar of the Ghost moth (*Phalaena Humuli*) upon its roots. In such case the Saccharine exudation must decidedly be of a morbid nature.

The other kind of honey-dew, which is derived from the aphis, appears to be the favourite food of ants, and is thus spoken of by Messrs. Kirby and Spence, in their late valuable Introduction to Entomology. "The loves of the ants and the aphides have long been celebrated; and that there is a connexion between them, you may at any time, in the proper season, convince yourself; for you will always find the former very busy on those trees and plants on which the latter abound; and, if you examine more closely, you will discover that the object of the ants, in thus attending upon the aphides, is to obtain the saccharine fluid secreted by them, which may well be denominated their milk. This fluid, which is scarcely inferior to honey in sweetness, issues in limpid drops from the abdomen of these insects, not only by the ordinary passage, but also by the setiform tubes placed, one on each side, just above it. Their sucker being inserted in the tender bark, is, without intermission employed in absorbing the sap, which, after it has passed through the system, they keep continually discharging by these organs. When no ants attend them, by a certain jerk of the body, which takes place at regular intervals, they ejaculate it to a distance. The power of ejecting the fluid from their bodies, seems to have been wisely instituted to preserve cleanliness in each individual fly, and indeed for the preservation of the whole family; for, pressing as they do upon one another, they would otherwise soon be glued together and rendered incapable of stirring. "When the ants are at hand, watching the moment at which the aphides emit their fluid, they seize and suck it down immediately; this, however, is the least of their talents; for the ants absolutely possess the art of making the aphides yield it at their pleasure; or in other words, of milking them." The ant ascends the tree, says Linnaeus, that it may milk its cows the aphides, not kill them. Huber informs us that the liquor is voluntarily given out by the aphis, when solicited by the ant, the latter tapping the aphid gently, but repeatedly, with its antennæ, and using the same motion as when caressing its own young. He thinks, when the ants are not at hand to receive it, that the aphid retains the liquor for a longer time, and yields it freely and apparently without the least detriment to itself, for even when it has acquired wings it shows no disposition to escape. A single aphid supplies many ants with a plentiful meal. The ants occasionally form an establishment for their aphides, constructing a building in a secure place, at a distance from their own city, to which after fortifying it, they transport those insects, and confine them under a guard, like cows upon a dairy farm, to supply the wants of the metropolis. The aphides are provided with a hollow pointed proboscis, folded under the breasts, when the insects are not feeding, with which instruments they puncture the turgid vessels of the leaf, leaf-stalk, or bark, and suck with great avidity their contents, which are expelled nearly unchanged, so that, however fabulous it may appear, they may literally be said to void a liquid sugar. On looking steadfastly at a group of these insects (*aphides Salicis*), while feeding on the bark of the willow, their superior size enables us to perceive some of them elevating their bodies and emitting a transparent substance in the form of a small shower.

"Nor scorn ye now, fond elves, the foliage scar
When the light aphids, arm'd with puny spear,
Probe each emulgent vein, till, bright below,
Like falling stars, clear drops of nectar glow."

Evans.
The willow accommodates the bees in a kind of three-fold succession, the farms of the flowers yielding spring food for their young,—the bark giving out propolis for sealing the hives of fresh swarms,—and the leaves

shining with honey-dew in the midst of summer scarcity. But to return to the aphides. "These insects may also be seen distinctly with a strong magnifier, on the leaves of the hazel, lime, &c. but invariably on the inferior surface, piercing the vessels, and expelling the honey-dew from their body with considerable force." "These might easily have escaped the observation of the earlier philosophers, being usually concealed within the curl of the leaves that are punctured." The drops that are spurted out, unless intercepted by the surrounding foliage, or some, other interposing body, fall upon the ground, and the spots may often be observed, for some time, beneath the trees affected with honey-dew, till washed away by the rain. When the leaves of the kidney-bean are affected by honey-dew, their surface assumes the appearance of having been sprinkled with soot.

Honey dew usually appears upon the leaves, as a viscid, transparent substance, sweet as honey, sometimes in the form of globules, at others resembling a syrup, and is generally most abundant from the middle of June to the middle of July.

It is found chiefly upon the oak, the elm, the maple, the sycamore, the lime, the hazel, and the blackberry; occasionally also on the cherry, currant, and other fruit trees. Sometimes only one species of trees is affected at a time. The oak generally affords the greatest quantity. At the season of its greatest abundance, the happy humming noise of the bees may be heard at a considerable distance from the trees, sometimes nearly equaling in loudness the united hum of swarming. Of the plane there are two sorts; the oriental and the occidental, both highly ornamental trees, and much regarded in hot climates for the cooling shade they afford.

"*Jamque ministrantem Platanum potentibus umbram.*"
Virgil.

(And plane-tree, ministering a shade to drinkers.)

The ancients so much respected the former that they used to refresh its roots with wine instead of water, believing, as Sir William Temple has observed, that this tree loved that liquor, as well as those that used to drink under its shades.

"*Crevit et affuso latior umbra mero.*"
Virgil.

(It drank the wine, and spread a kindlier shade.)

The sycamore has been discarded from the situation it used formerly to hold near the mansions of the convivial, owing to the bees crowding to banquet on its profusion of honey-dew, and occasionally an early fall of its leaves. The lime or linden tree has been regarded as doubly acceptable to the bees, on account of its fragrant blossom, and its honey-dewed leaves appearing both together, amidst the oppressive heats of the dog-days; but it seems doubtful whether the flowers have any attraction but their fragrance, as they are said to have no honey-cup.

It is of great importance to aparians who reside in the vicinity of such trees as are apt to be affected with honey-dew, to keep their bees on the storifying plan, where additional room can at all times be provided for them at pleasure, as, during the time of a honey-dew, more honey will be collected in one week than will be afforded by flowers in general. So great is the ardour of the bees on these occasions, and so rapid are their movements, that it is often dangerous to be placed betwixt the hives and the dews.

That species of honey-dew which is secreted from the surface of the leaves, appears to have been first noticed by the Abbe Boissier de Sauvages. He observed it upon the old leaves of the holm-oak, and upon those of the blackberry, but not upon the young leaves of either, and he remarked at the same time that neighbouring trees of a different sort were exempt from it: among these latter he noticed the mulberry tree, "which," says he, "is a very particular circumstance, for the juice (honey-dew) is a deadly poison to silk-worms."

Some years do not afford any honey-dew; it generally occurs pretty extensively once in four or five years.

BIRTH-DAYS.

1st July (19th June, O. S.), 1623, at Clermont, in Auvergne (France), Blaise Pascal, a man remarkable for the greatness of his understanding and the weakness of his temperament, which rendered him, in spite of his wisdom, a victim to hypochondria and superstition. He was an admirable mathematician, reasoner, wit, and a most excellent man; and yet, notwithstanding this union of the most solid and brilliant qualities, a wretched constitution sometimes reduced him to a state which idiots might have pitied. As if his body was not in ill condition enough, he wore an iron girdle with points on it next his skin, and was in the habit of striking it with his elbow, when a thought which he regarded as sinful or vain, came across him. During his latter days, he imagined that he saw a deep abyss by the side of his chair, and that he was in danger of falling into it. How modest it becomes the cleverest men to be, and thankful for a healthier state of blood, when they see one of the greatest of minds thus miserably treated by the case it lived in. Pascal languished several

years in a state of occasional nervous imbecility, and died at Paris, aged thirty-nine. He made himself hateful to the Jesuits by his admirable exposition of the casuistry and daring want of principle of that extraordinary body; but good men of all parties honoured and loved him.

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE.

XX.—ADVENTURE OF EUSTACHIO CHERUBINI.

This account, which was first published, if we remember, by Mrs. Graham, in her "Six Months Residence near Rome," has been repeated by Mr. M'Farlane in the "History of Banditti;" but we are not aware that it has hitherto appeared in any publication which gives it so cheap an introduction to thousands, as one like our own. The undoubted authenticity of the terrors so naturally painted by the poor apothecary, produces the last degree of interest, by uniting certainty with surprise, and a domestic familiarity with the remoteness of wild stories. The narrative is given in a letter from the person principally concerned.

Castel Madama, August 30, 1819.

I send you the detailed account you requested of the misfortune which befel me on the 17th instant. Early on the morning of that day, the factor (bailiff or farm-agent) of the Cavaliere Settimio Bischì, named Bartolomeo Marasca, a person well known to me, came to my house with a letter from his master, desiring me to come to Tivoli, my assistance, as a surgeon, being necessary, both to Signor Gregorio Celestini, and to the nun sister, Chiara Eletta Morelli. On this account I hurried over my visits to my patients at Castel Madama, and set off on horseback accompanied by the factor, who was armed with a gun, towards Tivoli. I passed through all the parish of San Gregorio and that of Tivoli, as far as the second arch of the antique aqueducts which cross the road two miles from that town, to a spot commonly called the narrows of Tivoli, without accident. And here I must observe, that it is impossible for the road, from its natural position, to be better adapted for banditti, or more terrible to travellers. After passing the bridge *degli archi*, on the way to Tivoli, it is bounded on the left by a steep hill, covered with thick underwood, which reaches to the very edge of the road; the other side is a continued precipice of great height, and quite perpendicular to the plain, through which the Anio runs below. The breadth of this road is very little more than sufficient for a carriage, so that it is not possible to perceive the danger, which may easily be concealed in the thicket above, nor to fly from it on either side when it bursts out upon one, and therefore one must inevitably become the victim of lawless violence.

I had scarcely passed the second arch of the antique aqueducts, when two armed men rushed from the thicket, near a little lane to the left, and stopped the way; and pointing their guns at the factor, who was riding a little before, ordered him to dismount. Meantime two others came out of the wood behind me, so as to have us between them and the former. We had both dismounted on the first intimation. The two men behind me ordered me to turn back instantly, and to walk before them not by the road to Castel Madama, but that to San Gregorio.

The first question they asked me was, whether I was the Prince of Castel Madama, meaning, I fancy, the Vice-Prince, who had passed a little before. To this I answered, that I was not the Prince, but a poor surgeon of Castel Madama; and to convince them I spoke truth, I shewed them my case of lancets, and my bag of surgical instruments; but it was of no use. During our walk towards San Gregorio, I perceived that the number of brigands increased to thirteen. One took my watch, another my case of lancets. At the beginning of our march we met at short distances, four youths belonging to San Gregorio, and one elderly man, all of whom were obliged to share my fate; shortly after, we met another man, and an old woman, whose ear-rings were taken, and they were then permitted to continue their journey.

In the meadow by the last aqueduct, the horses which I and Bartolomeo had ridden were turned loose, and after passing the ravine, called *dein Vacatore* we began to pass the steepest part of the mountain with such speed that, together with the alarm I felt made me pant so violently that I trembled every moment lest I should burst a blood-vessel. At length, however, we reached the top of the hill, where we were allowed to rest, and we sat down on the grass. The factor Marasca then talked a good deal to the brigands, shewed himself well acquainted with their numbers, and said other things, which my wretched state of mind prevented me from attending to very distinctly; but seeing him apparently so intimate with the robbers, a suspicion crossed my mind that I was betrayed by him.

The chief brigand then turned to me, and throwing down my lancet case by me, said that he had reflected upon my condition, and that he would think about my ransom. Then I with tears explained to him my poverty, and my narrow means, and told him how, to gain a little money, I was on my road to Tivoli to

attend a sick stranger. Then he ordered me to write to that stranger, and desire him to send two thousand dollars, or I should be a dead man, and to warn him against sending out an armed force. He brought me pen, ink, and paper; and I was obliged to write what he bade me, with all the earnestness that thirteen assassins, and the fear of death could inspire me. While I was writing he sent two of his men to take a man who was ploughing a little lower down; he belonged to San Gregorio, but one of the messengers having seen one of Castel Madama in the flat below, he went down for him, and they were both brought up to us. As soon as they were come, I begged the man of Castel Madama to carry my letter to Tivoli for Signor Celestini; and, in order to enforce it, I sent my case of surgical instruments, with which he was well acquainted as a token. This countryman, who was as civil, as he was wary, prudent, and fit for the business, accepted the commission which I gave him, and after having afforded me some encouragement without however offending the brigands, he gave me some bread which he had with him, and set off for Tivoli, the chief desiring him to take one of the horses we had left below, that he might make more speed. The ploughman from San Gregorio was sent with him, but not quite to Tivoli, and only to await at a given spot the return of the peasant of Castel Madama.

We were remaining in the same state in expectation of the return of the messenger, when, in about three hours' time we saw, in the distance, a man on horseback, coming straight to us, which we believed to be the man returning. A little after, however, several people were seen together, which the chief took to be the armed force of Tivoli. He abused one of his companions who had broken his spy glass the day before, because he could not obtain a more satisfactory view of them. At length having made the best observations he could, he concluded that there was really an armed force advancing, and gave orders to his men to retire to the highest and most woody part of the mountain, obliging me and the other prisoner to keep pace with them. After a long and painful march finding himself in a safe place, he halted, and there awaited the return of the messenger; but, as he still delayed, the chief came to me and said perhaps it might happen to me, as it did to a certain inhabitant of Viletri, who had been taken by this very party that entered his house in disguise, and carried him off to the woods, and because his ransom was long in coming, they killed him, and when the money came, the messenger found him dead. I was alarmed beyond measure at this story, and regarded it as a fore-runner of my own speedy death.

However, I entreated them with tears to have a little patience, and the messenger would surely return with the money. Meantime, to satisfy the chief as well as his companions, I told them I might have written another letter to Castel Madama, with orders to sell whatever I possessed, and to send up the money immediately. Thank God, this pleased them, and instantly they caused me to write another letter to Castel Madama, and one of the prisoners from San Gregorio was sent with it. After he was gone, I saw the factor Marasca walking carelessly about among the brigands, looking at their arms and making angry gestures, but he did not speak. Shortly after he came and sat down by me; it was then that the chief, having a large stick in his hand, came up to him, and without saying a single word, gave him a blow on the back of the head just where it joins the neck. It did not kill him; so he rose and cried, "I have a wife and children; for God's sake spare my life," and thus saying, he defended himself as well as he could with his hands. Other brigands closed round him; a struggle ensued, and they rolled together down a steep precipice. I closed my eyes, my head dropped on my breast, I heard a cry or two, but I seemed to have lost all sensation. In a very short time, the brigands returned, and I saw the chief thrust his dagger still stained with blood, into his sheath; then turning to me he announced the death of the factor in these very words: "Do not fear: we have killed the factor because he was a sbirro; such as you are not sbirri; then he was of no use among us. He looked at our arms, and seemed disposed to murmur; and if the force had come up, he might have been dangerous." And thus they got rid of Marasca. The chief seeing that the money did not come from Tivoli, and being afraid least troops should be sent, seemed uncertain what to do, and said to his companions, "How shall we dispose of our prisoners; we must either kill them or send them home;" but they could not decide on either, and he came and sat down by me, I, remembering that I had a little money about me which might amount altogether to thirty pauls (three crowns)—gave them frankly to him to gain his goodwill. He took it in good part, and said he would keep it to pay the spy.

After this it came on to rain heavily; it was already twenty-one o'clock (about four in the afternoon, English time) and I was wet to the skin. Before the rain was quite over we heard some voices from the top of the hill above us on the left hand. Then a strict silence was kept, that we might discover if they were the voices of the messengers from Tivoli, or some party of the troops of whom they seemed much afraid. I endeavoured to convince them that it was probably the messenger. They then called out "Come down;" but no one came; nor did we ever find out who it was, so we remained where we were.

After another short interval we heard another voice also from above, on the left; and then we said, surely

this must be the messenger. But the brigands would not trust to it, and forced us to go on to a place a good deal higher, and even with that whence the voice proceeded. When we reached it they all presented their muskets, keeping the prisoners behind them, and thus prepared to stand on the defensive they cried out, "Come forward!" In a few moments the men appeared among the trees, one of them the peasant of Castel Madama, who had been sent in the morning to Signor Celestini at Tivoli; the other, the ploughman of San Gregorio his companion.

As they were recognized they were ordered to lie down with their faces to the ground, and asked if they came alone. But the man of Castel Madama answered—"It would be a fine thing, indeed, if I, who am almost dead with fatigue after climbing these mountains, with the weight of five hundred scudi about me, should be obliged to prostrate myself with my face to the earth! Here's your money. It was all that could be got together in the town! Then the chief took the money, and ordered us to change our station. Having arrived at a convenient place, we stopped, and he asked if there were any letters; being answered that there were two, he gave them me to read; and learning from them that the sum sent was five hundred crowns, he counted them, and finding them exact, said all was well, praised the punctuality of the peasant, and gave him some silver as a reward for his trouble: his companion also received a small present.

The robbers, who no longer cared to keep the prisoners belonging to San Gregorio, from whom they could not hope to get anything, released them all from this spot. I, therefore, and the peasant of Castel Madama, remained the only prisoners; and we began to march across the mountains, perhaps only for the sake of changing place. I asked why they did not set me at liberty as well as the others, as they had already received so considerable a sum on my account. The chief said that he meant to await the return of the messenger sent to Castel Madama. I continued to press him to let me go before night, which was now drawing on apace, saying, that perhaps it had not been possible to procure any more money at Castel Madama, and that if I remained out all night on the hill in the cold air, it would have been better to have killed me at once. Then the chief stopped me and bade me take good care how I said such things, for that to them killing a man was a matter of perfect indifference. The same thing was also said to me by another outlaw who gave me his arm during our rocky journey. At length we reached the top of the mountain where there were some pools of water, formed by the rain that had fallen a little before; and then they gave me some very hard and black bread that I might eat, and drink some of that water. I drank three times, but I found it impossible to eat the bread.

The journey continued over the tops of those mountains which succeed one another, till we arrived at a place known by the name of S. Sierla, about midnight. There we saw an ass feeding, and heard some one call to us, to ask if we had seen the ass. The chief in a feigned voice, answered, Yes; and then made the man from Castel Madama desire him to come down from the ass. It appeared that the man was afraid to come down; for which reason the chief said that if he were near enough, he would have stuck his knife into him. Piqued that the shepherd was afraid of them, he said, "Did one ever hear of a shepherd being afraid of the brigands?" When the man at length came down, they reproached him with his fear; but he, taking courage, said he was not afraid, and invited them to his hut. The ass was then taken and a great coat put upon his back, with a shepherd's coat of sheepskin, upon which I was mounted, and we went on to the hut, where there was a threshing-floor. This was the only time I saw them drink anything but water. The chief told me they were always afraid when fresh wine came, lest it should be drugged; and that they always made whoever brought it, drink a good deal of it; and if in two hours no bad symptom appeared, they used the wine.

After this we went to the sheep-fold, which we reached about the fifth hour; and where we found a quantity of boiled meat which the brigands tied up in various handkerchiefs, and a great coat, together with some cheeses. Before we left the fold, the chief, reflecting that the messenger was not come back from Castel Madama, began to think he might have made his escape entirely, because he was one of the prisoners from San Gregorio, and determined to make me write another letter, and accordingly brought me all that was requisite for writing; and ordered me to tell my friends at Castel Madama that if they did not send eight hundred crowns the following day, they would put me to death; or carry me to the woods of Fajola, if there was a farthing less than the abovenamed sum. I consequently wrote a second letter, and gave it to the countryman to carry, telling him also by word of mouth, if they found no purchasers at Castel Madama for my effects, to desire that they might be sent to Tivoli and sold for whatever they might fetch. The chief of the brigands also begged to have a few shirts sent. One of the brigands proposed, I don't know why, to cut off one of my ears, and send it with my effects to Castel Madama. It was well for me that the chief did not approve of the civil proposal, so it was not done. He, however, wanted the countryman to set out that moment; but the man, with his usual coolness, said it was not possible to go down that steep mountain during night; on which the chief told him he might remain in the

sheep-cote all night and set out at daylight: "But take notice," said he, "if you do not return at the twentieth hour to-morrow to the sheep-cote, you may go about your business, but we shall throw Cherubini into some pit." The peasant tried to persuade them that perhaps it might not be possible to collect so much money in a small town, at so short a notice, and begged to have a little more time; but the chief said that they had no time to waste, and that if he did not return next day by the twentieth hour, they would kill Cherubini."

After they had given their orders they left the countryman at the sheep-fold, to wait for daylight before he set out for Castel Madama, which was about three miles from it. The brigands then set off, carrying me with them, and obliging a shepherd to carry the great coat, in which they had wrapped up the cold meat and cheese. And now, instead of the low thicket which it was so difficult to walk through, we came to fine, tall timber trees, where the road was comparatively smooth, except where fallen tree, here and there, lay across it. At this time I was overcome by fear in consequence of the new threats I had heard to kill me next day if the whole sum of eight hundred crowns was not brought by the twentieth hour; for I thought it quite impossible that so much money could be collected at Castel Madama. I therefore recommended myself to God and begged him to have compassion on my wretched state, when one of the brigands, a man of great stature, who figured among them as a kind of second chief, came up to me, and, taking me by the arm, he assisted me to walk, and said, "Now, Cherubini, that you cannot tell the man from Castel Madama, I assure you that tomorrow you shall go home free, however small the sum he brings may be. Be of good cheer, therefore, and do not distress yourself! At that moment I felt such comfort from the assurance of the outlaw, that he appeared to me to be an angel from heaven; and, without thinking why I should not, I kissed his hand, and thanked him fervently for his unexpected kindness.

When we again reached the thicket, and found a fit place, we all lay down to sleep, and I had the skins to rest on as before, and the chief wrapped my legs in his own great coat, and he and the second chief lay on each side of me. Two sentinels were placed to keep watch, and to prevent the shepherd with the provisions from making his escape. I know not how long we rested before one of the sentinels came, and gave notice of day-break. "Come again, then, when it is lighter," said the chief, and all was again quiet. I turned my face so as not to see the brigands, and dozed a little, till I was roused by the cry of some wild bird. I am not superstitious; but I had often heard that the shriek of the owl forboded evil; and in the state of spirits in which I was, every thing had more than its usual effect upon me. I started, and said, "What bird was that?" They answered, "A hawk." "Thank God!" I replied, and lay down again. Among my other sufferings I cannot forget the stings and torments of the gnats, which fastened on my face and throat; but after the death of poor Marasca, I dared not even raise my hand to drive them away, lest it should be taken for a sign of impatience. A little after this we all arose and walked on for about an hour, when we came to a little open space in the midst of the thicket, where the brigands began to eat their cold meat, inviting me to join them; but I only took a little new cheese, without bread. After they had breakfasted they lay down to sleep, the second chief giving me his great coat to wrap myself in, as the ground was damp. While the others slept, one of them began to read in a little book, which I understood to be the romance of the Cavalier Meschino. After about an hour, they all arose, and filed off one by one guard to a higher place, leaving a single sentinel to me and the shepherd. In another hour the youngest of the robbers came to relieve the guard, who then went and joined the others. When I saw this, and perceived that they were engaged in a kind of council of war, I feared that they had taken some resolution about my life, and that the new sentinel was come to put their cruel designs in execution; but he very soon said to me, "Be cheerful, for to night you will be at home;" which gave me some comfort; but as I could not entirely trust them, I had still an internal fear, which, however, I endeavoured to hide. Shortly afterwards we were called to join the rest, our station being now on the mountain, commonly called Monte Pincione, not very far from the ancient sanctuary of Montorella. There we remained the rest of the day only going out of the way once, on the approach of a flock of goats, that we might not be seen; but we soon returned.

Then the second chief, who said he was of Sonnino, and one of the five who went to treat with the President of Frosinone, began to talk of the political nature of their situation. He said that government would never succeed in pulling them down by force; that they are not a fortress to batter down with cannon, but rather birds, which fly round the tops of the sharpest rocks without having any fixed home; that if, by any misfortune, seven perished, they were sure of ten recruits to replace their loss; for criminals, who would be glad to take refuge among them were never wanting; that the number of their present company amounted to a hundred and thirty individuals; and that they had an idea of undertaking some daring exploit, perhaps of threatening Rome itself. He ended by saying that the only way to put an end to their depredations would be to give them a general pardon,

without reservation or limitation, that they might all return to their houses without fear of treachery; but otherwise they would not trust to, nor treat with any one; and added, that this was the reason for which they had not concluded anything with the prelate sent to Frosinone to treat with them. As it was, their company was determined to trust nothing but a pardon from the Pope's own lips; and he repeated this same sentiment to me several times during the second day I was obliged to pass with him and his fellows.

One of the brigands begged me to endeavour to obtain from government the freedom of his wife, Maria-Carolina Carcopola di Pisterso, now in the prison of St. Michael in Rome. Another said to me, "Have patience, Signor Cherubini; we made a blunder when we took you; we intended to have had the prince, who according to our information, should have passed by at that very time." In fact, he was to have travelled that road, and just before I passed, not the prince, but the person commonly called so, the vice-prince, or agent, Signor Filipo Gazoni had gone by, but fortunately for him they did not know him, because, as I understood, he was walking leisurely, only accompanied by an unarmed boy, who was leading his horse. The banditti bit their fingers with rage when they found that they had let him slip, for they said they would not have released him under three thousand crowns. The brigand who said all this had the collar of the Madonna della Carmine* round his neck, and said to me, "Suffer patiently, for the love of God." Then the chief came to me and told me he was not very well, and desired me to prescribe for him, which I did in writing. Another, the same who had taken my watch from me, told me that the watch did not go, and shewed it me. I found that he had broken the glass and the minute hand. He said if I had any money he would sell it me, but I gave it him back saying nothing, but shrugging up my shoulders. Meantime the day was drawing to a close, and the chief, taking out his watch, said it was now twenty o'clock. He called the shepherd to him, and ordered him to return to the sheepfold which we had left during the night, and see if the countryman was come back with the answer to the second letter to Castel Madama. In that case he ordered him to accompany him back to the place we were now in; and if he were not come, he ordered him to wait three hours; and if he did not come then, to return alone. The shepherd obeyed, and after an hour and a half he came back with the countryman and another shepherd, who had been sent with him. They brought with them two sealed packets of money, which they said contained six hundred crowns. They also brought a few shirts of home-spun linen, which the chief had begged of me, and some little matter for me to eat, and a little wine to recruit me. But I could take nothing but a pear and a little wine, the rest was eaten by the robbers. They took the money without counting, and gave the messengers some silver for their pains; after which, they gave me leave to depart. And thus I found myself free from them, after having thanked them for their civility, and for my life, which they had had the goodness to spare.

On the way homewards the two men of Castel Madama informed me, that the prisoner from San Gregorio, who was sent the day before with the first letter to Castel Madama for money, and who had not been seen since, had really been there, and had gone back the same day, at the hour and to the place appointed, with the sum of one hundred and thirty-seven crowns sent from Castel Madama; but the robbers having forgotten to send any one to meet him at the place agreed on, because we were a great way from it, the messenger returned to town with the money, after having waited till night, carrying back the intelligence that the factor had been killed, which alarmed all my townsmen who began to fear for my life. I found that the last six hundred dollars had been furnished half by Castel Madama, and half by Tivoli.

I went on towards Castel Madama, where all the people anxiously expected me. In fact, a mile before I reached the town, I found a number of people, of all ranks, who had come out to meet me, and I arrived at home a little before night, in the midst of such public congratulations and acclamations as were never before heard, which presented a most affecting spectacle. I had hardly arrived, when the arch-priest Giustini ordered the bells to be rung to call the people to the parish church. On the first sound all the people flocked thither with me, to render public and devout thanks to the most merciful God, and to our protector, Saint Michael, the arch-angel, for my deliverance. The priest had done the same when he first heard of my capture, and soon after, when he sent the six hundred crowns. Both times he had assembled his congregation in that very church, to offer up supplications to the Lord to grant me that mercy which he deigned afterwards to shew.

I cannot conclude without saying that the epoch of this my misfortune will be ever remembered by me. I shall always recollect that the Lord God visited me as a father; for, at the moment when his hand seemed to be heavy upon me, he moved the city of Tivoli, and the whole people of Castel Madama, even the very poorest, to subscribe their money, and to sell their goods in so short a time, and with such profusion, for my sake. The same epocha will also always remind me what gratitude I owe to those, particularly the Signors Cattani and Celestini, both Romans, who, with such open-

* The Virgin Mary.

ness of heart, exerted themselves in my favour. I now pray God that he will preserve me from all the bad consequences which commonly arise out of similar misfortunes; and I am always

Your Affectionate Friend,
EUSTACHIO CHERUBINI.

UNSOCIAL READERS OF PERIODICALS.

Dear Quondam Indicator,

That which I have so long desired, is at length accomplished;—I mean your return to us in the hebdomadal way, which in by-gone days afforded both pleasure and instruction to so many circles. But wherefore have you changed the size of your sheet? Fifteen years since, when sitting at the tea-table with your paper, I have imagined myself one, living in the "queen's time," whose taste was directed and conserved by an Addison. The lapse of years has not impaired the character of the Indicator with me, and I have a sensible gratification in the prospect of a renewal of those times. This change in the form is however, some drawback, and is to me twofold. First, inasmuch as the illusion is weakened;—and secondly, which is yet more tantalizing. . . . But the "second count" involves a narrative, which shall be unfolded with all brevity, and to which you are invited most graciously to lend an ear.

Imprimis, I wish you would not place *Leigh Hunt* at the head of your Journal; I would still call you, "dear Indicator," but no matter for the name. Now to the narrative. Know then, that I am the wife of a gentleman, remarkable for the regularity of his habits, on which he plumes himself not a little. Having a taste for purchasing most of the periodicals, he stitches together all those, which from their similarity in size, are susceptible of this conjunction. Thus, when I would be tête-à-tête with you, "Chambers's Information for the People," presents itself; and what is more, the sheet must always be appended to those miscellanies, ere it be consigned to me. The octavo would not have been liable to this accident, there being no work of that form going on at this time in weekly succession.

This is one of the many annoyances arising out of the love of order; a superstition (when it amounts to such) to which you, as a party concerned, would do well to apply your ingenuity in the exposure of its inconvenience. "The inconvenience of order!" some would exclaim. To such I would not address myself. There is no one to whom I would consign the handling of a paradox, with such confidence, as to you. Twenty years long have I borne that the *Examiner* should be cut and sewed before it was resigned to one, out of four or five, who waited in vain for a sheet. Need I point out to you the comfort of holding a page of a favourite author between the fire and your eyes, with your feet placed on the fender; contrasted with being planted at a large table, remote from such appliances, and sitting bolt upright as though you were examining Magna Charta! I hope you will think of some alleviation to a lone family, living in the country, where to read is almost the only resource, and where any abridgment of this pleasure is a serious annoyance. One thing I do insist on, that you turn not the shafts of your wit against us. We look to you for succour. We hear a vast deal of the "ignorant impatience" of women, and the necessity of restraining it; and if you, too, were to glance that way, it would be the unkindest cut of all. But we know you for a 'Squire of Dames. *En passant*, an occasional Essay in support of our claims to a small share of understanding, would not be misplaced. Your late friend Hazlitt took some pains to prove, that women were totally incapable of reasoning; and it must be acknowledged that he had reason for the assertion. I never knew any woman, nor man either, save one or two fantastical wits, who could develop the mysteries of his ratiocinations. But *de mortuis*, &c. I shall look with no small trepidation for the recognition of our grievances; and do engage, in case they are properly noticed, to furnish such remuneration, as may amply reward a man of letters and an elegant poet. Imprimis, in the village of Mopeham, where I reside, it is not that Mopeham where dwells the old lady of oblivious memory; and from whence the "Parson's Daughter" posted home in the carriage tête-à-tête with the young Count. This was thought, in our circle, rather a new incident, and a happy hit in the *novel* department.) But to leave digression: this Mopeham is *Our Village*; and in its woody haunts are to be found more nightingales than, perchance, you may have ever heard or seen congregate; for you see them in their flight from one tree to another throughout the day "when every goose is cackling," yet lose they none of their fame as *prima donnas*. Now do I intend noting every minim, crotchet, quaver, &c. &c. in the combined scale of harmony, to present you with; and yet this is only a small part of what I project, if you will undertake to prove that *order does not always* produce harmony; and to disabuse, of that other heresy, one, on whom time has no other effect than to strengthen and confirm him in preconceived errors.

It was with much concern I read in your commencement to your present work, that you should cease to speak of yourself in future. There has been a long hiatus in our acquaintance, and I had hoped to have collected some gleanings from your hearth again,—that

hearth which I used to picture as the union of what was most pleasing and elegant. You once wrote, long ago, that in the contemplation of a Poet's honey-moon, there was more of speculation than in the moons of common mortals; and the sequel, in that instance, strengthened your hypothesis. But hearths change; blooming children become men and women, having the same wants as ourselves, which we are not so ready to accord to them; they murmur, and often with reason. There is much difficulty in abstracting from the mind the impression that they are still but children. But I must conclude; for this subject will lead me beyond my limits; so I finish with expressing a hope that these changes may have fallen lightly on one, who has been so much the favourite of nature, that fortune, in her envy of his endowments, has been oft unwilling to recognise the justice of his claims.

Pardon must be asked for the loose half sheet, with which this letter commences. It had been written on the other side, before the mistake was discovered.

Vale!
GRISELDA.

Mopeham, May-day, (Incongruous!) 1834.

Again we must ask, what are we to do with letters so intoxicating as these, and from fair correspondents? For before we have done reading them, our heads are not in a condition to judge. If we publish them entire, we seem shameless; and if garbled, ungrateful; and in the latter case, our friends may think also that we baulk that openness of intercourse, and those impulses of good-will and sociality, which it is one of the first objects of this Journal to encourage. We feel however what must be our course in future:—we must endeavour to reconcile with that encouragement a most unwilling portion of sobriety and self-sacrifice. We can assure the writers of such letters that the passages we omit will be those that are the most precious to us, and that our virtue will be indeed so unwilling as to have no merit whatsoever. And yet this, instead of depriving us of any other rewards, such as the nightingale's songs, &c. so generously held forth by our fair friend, will, we conceive, doubly secure them for us; for it is not merit alone that elicits recompence from the charitable:—grievous privations are held to be some title. We think we even deserve a little balm before-hand, for the very painful, though we are sure unintentional, wound inflicted on us by our correspondent in her objection to the use of the name at the head of our paper,—a most involuntary and long-contested concession on our part to the representations of persons conversant with periodical literature and with the state of public feeling, and for which we have since been consoled by the opinion of a friend of ours, conversant both with literature and business, that he "looked upon it as the cause of half of the Journal's success." We mention this in self-defence. The name is now identified with the Journal, and cannot be laid aside: and to say the truth, we had one consolation in it before; for it looked like a part of the frankness and open dealing which our paper recommends, and was, perhaps (if we may say so without arrogance), not without its use in furthering the pretensions of cheap literature. With regard to the size, it was thought best to square that to the similitude of our popular friend Chambers. The Indicator we never thought of. But what have we been saying all this while? Of what ungrateful forgetfulness have we not been guilty? For now we think of it, our fair friend no sooner inflicted the wound, than she did apply the balm to it, when she followed it up with a reason for the objection. Is there no way by which we can still retain this right of being so pleasantly addressed? Might not some *nom-de-guerre* (*de paix*, rather,) some appellation implying a friend in masquerade, be found out by us, or for us, so that we might be addressed by it notwithstanding appearances, and in spite of that brazen-faced necessity at the head of our Journal? Will the lady herself christen us? We cannot promise to be a very "good little boy"; but we will promise to be a very great big godson, a great deal older perhaps than herself.

As to the case which she has done us the honour to submit to our judgment, and which (from the allegorical name she has given her village) we conclude she has enveloped in a due quantity of generous inapplicability as to sex or relationship, it surely requires no other discussion, after the very argumentative conclusions implied by the way in which she has stated it. Extremes meet this as in all other cases. Order is not order if it pervert the very end of order,

and produce disordered feelings and a sense of superigation and tyranny. Primness and petty exactness have none of the ease and liberality of true order, which should go gracefully and equably like a dance, and not stiffly and slavishly like soldiers before a martinet. One of the very advantages of a periodical consisting of several sheets, is the power it affords a generous reader of enabling the persons around him to do as he does, and partake at the same moment of the same pleasure. For this, among other reasons, were Examiners, and Atlases, and Spectators, and True Sunz ordained. There is an old story which will settle the spirit of this matter. A professed lover of order called out one day, in a crowd, so vociferously and provokingly for "silence," that some one was at length moved to exclaim, "Knock down that fellow crying silence!" We might have asked whether the gentleman in the present instance could not be coaxed out of his humour; for there is no counter-argument like your coaxing,—no lips so eloquent as those which

"Convince us at once with a kiss."

But "wenty years" is a long time for a crick in the fancy.

PETRARCH'S ACCOUNT OF A DREADFUL STORM AT NAPLES.

THE late storm at Brighton, with its four-inch globes of hail-stones, and its windows battered as with musketry, has reminded us, not in those particulars, but in its having taken place by the sea-side, of a more awful tempest which had the above great poet for one of its spectators, and of which he has left an account to posterity. We take it from the "Life of Joanna, Queen of Naples," which we mentioned the other day as a work deserving greater publicity than it appears to have obtained. The tempest, the poet, the black night-time, the day as black, the earthquake, the cavaliers "coming as if to assist at the obsequies of their country," the white ghastly sea, and the fair queen with her ladies issuing forth barefoot and with dishevelled locks, to beg the mercy of heaven, make up a picture truly southern and appalling. It is only in climates of general luxury and occasional violence that such combinations of beauty and horror take place.

"Petrarch (says our author) had frequent conferences with Joanna during his stay at Naples at this period. These turned chiefly on literary subjects and inspired her with a high esteem for his abilities and worth. Loving letters, she wished to attach him to her court, and under happier circumstances might perhaps have succeeded, but being, as she afterwards herself expressed it, 'a queen in name only, without power to do good to any one,' she was obliged to content herself with appointing him, in imitation of Robert, her domestic chaplain and almoner, an office possessed only by people of distinction, and to which some valuable privileges are attached. It is a remarkable circumstance that the letters patent for this employment bear date on the day of the most remarkable tempest by which Naples had ever been visited. This tempest was caused by a violent Sirocco* and was felt all round Italy, and on all the shores of the Mediterranean, but more particularly at Naples. Petrarch's description of its effects in that capital is peculiarly lively and interesting.

"This scourge of God, says he, had been predicted a few days before, by the bishop of a neighbouring island skilled in astrology. But as an astrologer never foretells the exact truth, he had also predicted that Naples would be destroyed by an earthquake, on the 25th of November. This prediction had gained so much credit, that the greater part of the populace, resigning every other thought, and expecting only immediate death, craved the mercy of heaven for their sins. Others, however, derided the prophecy and the vain science of the astrologer. Between hope and fear, but I confess rather more inclined to fear, for accustomed to inhabit colder climates I regarded a storm of thunder and lightning in winter, as a phenomenon, and looked on that I now witnessed as a menace from heaven,—on the evening of the 24th I retired at an early hour to the convent of St. Lawrence, where I lodged, having previously seen the principal part of the ladies of the metropolis, more

* A hot and close south wind.

mindful of the presaged danger than of decorum, running to and fro with bare feet and dishevelled tresses, with their children in their arms, visiting the churches and bathing the altars with their tears, exclaiming, "Mercy, Lord! Have pity on us!"

"The evening was, however, more serene than ordinary: my servants after supper retired to rest: but I thought it best to observe how the moon looked, and opening the window I remained at it till it set about midnight behind San Martino, looking dim and surrounded with clouds. Barring the window, I laid myself on the bed, and after lying awake a considerable time, I was falling into a sound sleep when I was roused by the rumbling of an earthquake, which not only burst open the windows and extinguished the light which I was accustomed to keep in my chamber, but shook the walls to the foundations. The calm of sleep being thus changed into fear of instant death, I went out into the cloisters where we groped about for each other in the dark, and exhorted one another to patience and fortitude. The brothers and the prior, David, (a most holy man) who had risen to chaunt matins, terrified at the tremendous storm came with devout prayers and tears, and with crosses and reliques and a number of lighted torches to the place where I was. This gave me a little courage, and I went with them into the church where we all threw ourselves on the ground and implored the mercy of heaven, expecting from time to time that the church would fall upon us. The terrors of that infernal night would take too long to narrate, and though the truth would much exceed anything I could say, yet my words would appear incredible.

"What bursts of water!—What wind!—What flashings of lightning!—What awful re-echoing of the heavens!—What fearful trembling of the earth!—What horrible roaring of the sea!—and what groans of the assembled populace! It seemed as if by magic art the duration of that night had been doubled; but at last the morning arrived, which we knew rather by conjecture than by any light it afforded. The priests then robed themselves to celebrate mass, whilst we not daring to raise our eyes to heaven, prostrate on the earth continued to sigh, and pray, and weep. Day at length appeared, but scarcely less obscure than night; the wailings in the higher part of the town beginning to cease, we could hear frightful cries from the Strand. We also heard a number of horses prancing through the streets, we knew not what for. Exchanging despair for hardness I mounted on horseback, determined to see what was going on, or to die. Great God! when was such a sight ever seen! The most aged mariners had never heard of or seen anything like it. In the middle of the bay an immense number of wrecks were seen tossed about by the waves, who whilst they endeavoured to gain the shore were driven by their fury against the rocks, and appeared like so many eggs broken in pieces. All this space was full of drowned or drowning persons, and the shore was strewed with corpses and shattered limbs; some with arms and legs broken; some with their brains and some with their entrails protruding. Nor were the shrieks of the men and women who inhabited the falling houses close to the sea, less terrific than the roaring of the sea itself. Where the day before we had gone to and fro on a dusty path, was now a sea more dangerous than the straits of Messina. The ocean seemed no longer to observe the bounds which God has prescribed it; respecting neither the works of man nor those of nature, that immense causeway, which, as Virgil says, "*projects to break the rolling tides,*" was covered by the waves, as well as the whole of the lower town. You could not pass in the streets without the risk of being drowned. More than a thousand Neapolitan cavaliers came from all sides to the spot where we were, as if to assist at the obsequies of their country. This brilliant troop re-assured me a little. "If I perish," thought I, "it will at least be in good company." But at the instant in which I was making this reflexion, a terrible cry was set up around, that the ground on which we stood was beginning to be submerged: the water had sapped the foundation, and we retired in haste to the upper part of the town. Certainly it was beyond measure awfully mortal eyes, to behold the raging of the heavens and the fury of the sea. A thousand mountains of water seemed to come from Ischia to Naples, neither black, nor azure, as in common tempests, but of a dazzling whiteness. The young queen now came out of her palace bare-footed, and with her hair flowing loose about her, at the head of an immense troop of ladies in the same penitential disarray, and visited in turn all the churches of the Virgin Mother of God.

"But it was not the virgin who was supposed at last to have calmed the fury of the elements. In the evening the storm ceased, when St. Nicholas, St. George, and St. Mark, shewed a fisherman at Venice a boat filled with demons endeavouring to enter the port, who, at the command of the saints disappeared, and a calm immediately ensued, as by their evil agency a storm had been raised. The malice of these imps of Satan effected no irreparable injury on shore, but it was far otherwise at sea. Not a vessel in the port of

Naples escaped, except one galley of malefactors, destined to be sent on the first expedition against Sicily, the forlorn hope of Naples."

We may fairly conclude that Petrarch and his brilliant band of cavaliers resorted to the palace of Joanna on the cessation of the storm: she was not likely otherwise to have thought of his letters patent, on the eve of this agitating day, and she was still less likely to sign them previous to her devout pilgrimage. Passing from one extreme to another, it is not unlikely that the halls of Castelnuovo, were the scene of more real gaiety that evening, than they had been since the death of good Robert.

The damage sustained by the merchants at Naples from this storm, was estimated at forty thousand ounces of gold: the Venetian and Genoese trade was also so much injured by it, that silk and spices, and the products of the trade of the Levant, rose from fifty to a hundred per cent.

BIANCA CAPELLO.

THE work upon which this abstract is founded, is the *Life* by Siebenkees, translated by Ludger. A work had appeared by Muller, written in a style of florid romance,—an unmeasured laud—to which Mr. I. obviously wrote in opposition. Thus he has fallen into the opposite extreme, and would make Bianca the scapegoat for all the censures due to the intrigues and follies with which she was any way connected. It will be seen that we have taken a very different view of the subject; which we leave to the facts to justify.

The precise light in which we should view the reputation of Bianca Capello is, at the present time, rather difficult to determine. While, on the other side, she is assailed with the bitterest reproaches by her opponents, her friends obscure their own defence of her by adulatory exaggeration. Much, however, that is urged against her, is referable rather to the perverted morals of the time, than to any personal deficiency of rectitude. She was one against many; and yet even her greatest enemies cannot charge her with deeds so bad as many a well-famed princess has committed; on the other hand, her artfulness, with one exception alone, is always of a very equivocal nature, and very like a charming kindliness and candour. If she made use of art, at least she had taste, wisdom, and confidence enough in goodness, to base her cunning upon kindness and endearment. It is an easy but a very dangerous and uncertain plan, to test human action by motives, rather than consequences; particularly when the heart that felt those motives, and the face that betrayed them, has long ceased to be, and we have no eye-witness to interpret that countenance but such as could neither see, nor speak disinterestedly. Her most credible defamer, her brother-in-law, Cardinal de' Medici, is at least stained with prejudice, inconsistency, and ingratitude.

Bianca Capello descended from the Venetian house of the Capeili, and spent her early days in strict confinement to her father's palace, as was then customary with the ladies of Venice. The nobles of Italy in those days, sometimes augmented their substance by thrifty commerce. The Salviati, a celebrated Florentine family, so trading, held a counting-house in Venice, in the neighbourhood of the Capeili palace. In this counting-house was one Buonaventuri, a man addicted to intrigue; the beauty of the young Bianca caught his eye, and he pursued her. At church he spoke to her, representing himself as a partner in the house he served, and obtained her affection. It is rather to be imagined that that affection, as astonishment is said to be, was the effect of novelty upon ignorance; for Buonaventuri was a heartless man not calculated to inspire a genuine attachment. May not this, by the way, have paved a road for Francesco's advances afterwards? Their meetings continued till Bianca found herself unable to conceal them much longer. Taking some of her jewels with her, she absconded from Venice, with Buonaventuri, to whom she was married. Of course he had already been obliged to apprise her of the deception he had originally practised upon her. They sought refuge in Florence.

For some time Bianca lived as secretly as she could, dreading the displeasure of her family, and the Venetian government. Francesco de' Medici was then Regent; his father, the Grand Duke, having withdrawn himself, in his old age, from all participation in public affairs. By some means, for it is by no means certain how, he obtained a sight of Bianca; her beauty quite ensnared

him; and her art, (and most probably that consisted in her real kindness and engaging disposition,) made a constant lover of one naturally weak, impetuous, and fickle. It has been asserted that he saw her one day as he was passing the house in which she lived, some casual disturbance in the streets having drawn her to the window. The story is, however, very apocryphal. It appears that Bianca for some time resisted Francesco's advances. Her husband, as we have before said, was a heartless fellow, and had cruelly deceived her at the first. It is little likely that she could really feel much lasting affection for him; he was coarse and cowardly. Francesco, on the contrary, has given many testimonies of having a sincere and most durable attachment to Bianca; partly attributable, no doubt, to her own attractiveness. This love he made known to her. It is to be remembered that Bianca was young, undefended from the threatened vengeance of her family and the Venetian State, poor, and in restraint. The connexion offered her with Francesco, would be a defence against her dangers, it held out to her acceptance, power, enjoyment, and freedom; the manners of the time, in her country especially, presented little in the way of obstacle to such a connexion; and accordingly Bianca Capello became the mistress of Francesco de' Medici.

At first the affair was kept a secret, for about this time, one of those curses of royal life, a political marriage, was in treaty, between Francesco and Joanna, the sister of the Empress Maximilian. The reviving power of the Medici had excited the jealousy of the neighbouring princes, and a marriage of the kind was necessary to preserve the importance of the family. When however the prince was married, and caution was no longer necessary, the concealment was less carefully preserved, and ultimately Bianca was introduced at court. Although the dutchess never appears to have been quite reconciled to her consort's infidelity, she shared with others in yielding to the effects of Bianca's fascination, though both irritable and violent by nature. At last however her passion was too much even for Bianca's art, and meeting her one day on the Lungarno, she was about to desire her attendants to throw her into the river. A gentleman represented to her that this murderous impulse was suggested by the devil, and she being very superstitious, she was struck with repentance.

Buonaventuri, made indolent by the honors accorded him by the prince, was so indiscreet as to boast of the favors of a lady of high family, two of whose paramours had already paid the price of their lives for a similar mistake. He was assassinated by her relations; and the lady herself was the same night slain in her bed. To the last, though little regarded by him, nay, treated always with ingratitude, and roughness, Bianca always shewed a lively consideration for her husband's welfare; and had he listened to her representations, he might have avoided his fate. Repeated insolence and insult, not a single transgression, had drawn upon him the revenge of the insulted parties.

Francesco greatly desired a son. He had said that he would, rather than none, welcome even an illegitimate son. Bianca had only borne a daughter to her husband (who afterwards married a Tuscan nobleman.) The Grand-Duchess had only had daughters. Bianca artfully feigned herself indisposed, and finally produced a child as her own; which, however, was the child of a poor woman, procured by Bianca's agents. Many suspected the fraud. Francesco was delighted; and even when some years afterwards Bianca confessed the deception, he still persisted in looking upon the child as his own. Bianca's object in this deception is not very clear; nor is it at all defendable. If she desired to provide a male heir to Francesco, why confess the fraud, as long as her husband continued to believe her? Most probably, her object was merely to please him, without proposing any definite end to be gained; she felt herself sure of his regard, the wish not to risk losing it by detection, with which she was continually threatened, enforced by regret at having ever deceived him, made her rather forestall her enemies, and tell him with her own lips the worst he could hear; making the friend, accuser, and culprit all in one, and drowning the deceit in greater ingenuity. If she were artful, this was always the drift of her art. If she struggled, and conquered it, was always with kindness, and womanly gentleness. She has been accused of some tyrannical and bloody deeds in conducting the fraud,—of making away with her own agents,—but there is not a credible word in the evidence of that kind, and such proceedings were quite inconsistent with the genius of her alleged artfulness. Don Antonio, the child, was legitimated many years afterwards, by Francesco. His legitimacy was revoked by Ferdinand on his accession to the throne, but presently restored; and Ferdinand ultimately procured him the grand-priorship of the order of Malta.

In the year 1578 the Grand-Duchess died. She had not long been dead, when Francesco determined to fulfil a vow he had made during his life-time, to wed Bianca. His decision was much opposed by his confessor, and many of his friends; but he more regarded Bianca's smiles and tears, than the etiquette of courts of priesthood. His determination was strengthened by the tender and solicitous care with which she nursed him through a fit of illness. On the morning of the fifth of June, 1579, Bianca entered his apartment, to ask, if he wished to eat; "No," said he, "I feel no appetite." "Well," replied Bianca, "accept

at least this egg from me as a present; eat it, it will certainly do you good." Francesco ate the egg, and said to her: "I feel a great deal better and thank you for your present. I have been a debtor to you this long while, and that debt I now, in return for your kindness, discharge. Here, take my hand; you are my wife." They were on the same day secretly married. The marriage was kept very private during the mourning for the late Grand-Duchess. Nobody was surprised at Bianca's having apartments assigned her in the palace, because report prevailed, that she had been appointed governess of the young princesses.

At the expiration of the proper time it was publicly announced. Cardinal Ferdinando seems to have received intelligence of this marriage some time before it was publicly known. He had, indeed, long suspected this step, from his brother's aversion to a match with another princess, and his reconciliation with Bianca. But he had not been apprised of their actually having contracted a matrimonial connection till towards the middle of the year 1579. The illness of his brother at that time called him to Florence, when he perceived that Bianca never left the Grand-Duke, whom she attended with the most assiduous perseverance. The Cardinal having asked him the cause of this particular attachment, the Grand-Duke confessed that they were secretly married. Ferdinando concealed his resentment, and returned to Rome, as soon as the recovery of his brother would permit his departure, without ever disclosing to any one his opinion on the subject.

Francesco and Ferdinando had never agreed; on the contrary, their quarrels were frequent and bitter. Francesco was an inconsiderate impulsive person; Ferdinando proud and irascible; not unkind, but hard, and little softened by sentiments of affection. It was undoubtedly to Bianca's interest to keep friends with Ferdinando; but it must have required more than common temper to do so, even following her interest, with so headstrong and ungrateful a person as the Cardinal. As soon as Bianca was in power, she sought his friendship. The Cardinal, on his part, did not hold back; and many were the benefits that he derived from her kindness. Her intercession often procured him money from his brother, wherewith to make a figure. Her gentleness and quick kindness made them many times reconciled; nay, almost her last act was reuniting the disunited brothers. And yet the Cardinal denied her virtues, persecuted her very corpse, and blazoned her failings, after her death. Pride is said to be the meanest of passions. The Cardinal's pride made him ungrateful, cowardly, and mean. He accepted favours from the hand he abused, he strove to injure when his interest was not at stake, and forgot every benefit received, when hostility was his readiest way to arrangement.

After her marriage, Bianca was created a "Daughter of the Republic," by the Venetian senate, title which put her upon an equality with the princesses of Italy, and crowned as such with a ducal crown; and shortly after crowned Grand-Duchess of Tuscany. Her marriage was immediately followed by a fresh reconciliation between the Grand Duke and his brother, brought about entirely by her address. Still Ferdinando feared lest Bianca should now present Francesco with a legitimate heir; for the surviving son of Joanna, a very weakly boy, was the only barrier between him and the throne, in case of Francesco's decease. A very delicate and important disputed treaty with the court of Mantua, concerning a marriage between Vincenzio, the Duke of Mantua's son, and the princess Eleonora of Tuscany, was among the things to which her address gave a happy conclusion. It was ever her policy to conciliate every one, and gain her ends by persuasion and gentleness. If this were art, a little more such would hardly make politicians less humane, or every body less happy.

Her married life was past in this way, varied only by hopes and doubts of having a son, which her husband ardently desired. Her cleverness in resolving political discords, and uniting angry powers, obtained for her the admiration of Pope Sixtus V., who was about to pay the court of Tuscany a visit, out of compliment to her, when his intentions were frustrated by the death of Francesco (on the 15th August, 1587), of an intermittent fever, followed in a few hours by her own, of the like disorder. Francesco was aged forty, Bianca forty-five.

Many stories were circulated concerning the manner of her death; some saying that she had attempted to poison the cardinal in tart; that the cardinal suspecting, she was obliged to eat of it herself, in order to save her fame, and that her husband ate with her. Others said the cardinal himself had poisoned the tart, and as soon as the poison had taken effect, had locked his brother and sister into a bed-room, suffering no one to enter to assist them. These reports are however all groundless, and on their face absurd, and inconsistent with the characters of the parties concerned.

Thus died Bianca Capello, originally a private gentlewoman, then the wife of a man of obscure origin, then the mistress of the regent prince, and eventually his wife, and dutchess, and one of the most influential personages among the petty states of Italy. What were the means she possessed to attain this eminence? Not family importance.—Not wealth.—Not fame, and high estimation.—Was it beauty in the first instance?—Granted; but beauty is transient, and produces no lasting impression of any kind. It was then her good

sense, her ready perception of difficulties, and the means to overcome them, supported by an unfailing patience and a happiness of temper, that outlasted every opposing passion in the struggle for power. She conciliated the hostile, subdued the haughty, fixed the fickle, cheered the discontented, and reconciled the quarrels of all around by means of this inexhaustible store of kindness, which was perpetually called upon, and always given out with liberal and urgent bounty.

FRIENDS AND BOYHOOD.

[We anticipate the feelings of tenderness and respect which the reader will experience in seeing the name which is appended to the following (we believe) original verses. No sickness can extinguish the kindly fire of his nature.]

Talk not of years! 'twas yesterday
We chased the hoop together,
And for the plover's speckled egg
We waded through the heather.

The green is gay where gowans grow,
'Tis Saturday—oh! come,
Hark! hear ye not our mother's voice,
The earth—she calls us home.

Have we not found that fortune's chance
For glory or for treasure,
Unlike the rolling circle's race,
Was pastime, without pleasure?

But seize your glass—another time
We'll think of clouded days—
I'll give a toast—fill up, my friend!
Here's "Boys and merry plays!"

JOHN GALT.

TABLE-TALK

Spenser's Stanza.—It is somewhat remarkable that, notwithstanding Dr. Johnson's objections to the Spenserian stanza, and his presumption of its unfitness for popularity, the best poems of the best poets since that dictum was delivered, have been written in that same despised stanza! I need only mention "Childe Harold," "Gertrude of Wyoming," and "The Revolt of Islam." Others might be enumerated, such as Burns's "Cottar's Saturday Night;" Shenstone's exquisite "School-mistress," which will keep his name alive; and Beattie's "Minstrel," which, as long as there are young and romantic minds, will find admirers, for it is beautifully descriptive of the yearnings and struggles of young intellect. Added to these again are Keats's "Eve of St. Agnes," written in the very spirit and warmth of Shakspeare's "Romeo and Juliet;" Wordsworth's noble "Laodamia," and John Clare's "Village Minstrel."

C. W.

Philosophy in Trifles.—Those persons who cannot find pleasure in trifles are generally wise in their own opinion, and fools in the opinion of the wise: they neglect the opportunity of amusement, without which the rugged road of life would be insupportably tedious. I think the French are the best philosophers, who make the most they can of the pleasures, and the least they can of the pains of life; and are ever strewing flowers among the thorns all mortals are obliged to walk through; whereas, by much reflection, the English contrive to feel and see the thorns double, and never see the flowers at all, but to despise them; expecting their happiness from things more solid and durable, as they imagine: but how seldom do they find them! *Lady Luxborough's Letters to Shenstone.*

Apparent Idleness not always such.—Pardon me for differing with you in opinion, you are not the idle man of the creation. You may be busied to the benefit of society without stirring from your seat, as much as the mischievous man, with seeming idleness, may be busied in the destruction of it. You give innocent pleasure to yourself, and instruction as well as pleasure to others, by the amusements you follow. Your pen, your pencil, your taste, and your sincere unwarful conduct in life (which are things that make you appear idle) give such an example as it were to be wished might be more generally followed—few have the capacity, fewer the honesty to spend their time so usefully, as well as unblameably. *Lady Luxborough's Letters to Shenstone.*

Death from a Frightened Imagination.—We have all heard of the Italian jester who perished with the mere fear of being executed, and of the criminal, who died in the same manner under the belief that he was being bled to death.—The following similar instance of mortal sensibility is believed to be new to the reading public: About thirty years ago, a man, named Whitwan, was employed in a coal-yard at Taunton, who had been, during the greater part of his life, a soldier in the 33rd regiment, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Webster, and was very actively engaged throughout the American war. He had been wounded in almost every part of

his body, and eked out the pension which he received from Government by working as above stated. One day, having been out delivering coals at a house in the town, he is supposed, while taking some refreshment, to have held his handkerchief to the fire, for, on returning to the coal-yard, in taking it out of his hat, it suddenly burst into a flame. He looked upon it as an omen, cried out, "I am a dead man;" went home, took to his bed, and in a few days expired.

True National Spirit. Testimony of an enlightened Frenchman to the merits of England and Germany.—

The true greatness of a people does not consist in borrowing nothing from others, but in borrowing from all whatever is good, and in perfecting whatever it appropriates. I am as great an enemy as any one to artificial imitations; but it is mere pusillanimity to reject a thing for no other reason than that it has been thought good by others. With the promptitude and justness of the French understanding, and the indomitable unity of our national character, we may assimilate all that is good in other countries without fear of ceasing to be ourselves. Placed in the centre of Europe, possessing every variety of climate, bordering on all civilized nations, and holding perpetual intercourse with them, France is essentially cosmopolitan; and indeed this is the main source of her great influence. Besides, civilized Europe now forms but one great family. We constantly imitate England in all that concerns outward life, the mechanical arts, and physical refinements; why, then, should we blush to borrow something from kind, honest, pious, learned Germany, in what regards inward life and the nurture of the soul?—*Victor Cousin's Report on the State of Public Instruction in Prussia.*

Venetian Horsemanship.—Venice being a city built in the sea, with canals for streets, the other Italians joke the inhabitants on their ignorance of horsemanship, as we joke sailors in England. In Mr. Shepherd's Life of Poggio Bracciolini, it is related that Antonio Lusco, a friend of Poggio's, in the course of a journey to Vicenza overtook a Venetian, in whose company he rode to Siena, where they took up their lodgings for the night. The inn was crowded with travellers, who, on the ensuing morning, were busily employed in getting their horses out of the stable, in order to pursue their journey. In the midst of the bustle, Lusco perceived his Venetian friend booted and spurred, but sitting with great tranquility at the door of the inn. Surprised at seeing him thus inactive, he told him, that if he wished to become a fellow traveller for that day's journey, he must make haste as he was just going to mount; on which the Venetian said, "I should be happy to accompany you, but I do not recollect which is my horse, and I am waiting till the other guests are gone in order that I may take the beast which is left."

The above is given as a fact. The following is a caricature, in the style of our Irish jokes.

As a Venetian (says Poggio,) was journeying to Trivigli on a hired horse, attended by a running footman, the servant received a kick from the beast, and in the first emotion of pain took up a stone and threw it at the aggressor; but missing his aim, he hit his master on the loins. The master looking back, and seeing his attendant limping after him at some distance, asked him why he did not quicken his pace. The servant excused himself by saying that the horse had kicked him, on which his master replied, "I see he is a vicious beast, for he has just now given me a severe kick on the back."

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A. of Birmingham, on Cricket and other Games, in our next. The lines beginning "When Israel's car," will be inserted the first opportunity. Also the article "On a Stone;" and the "Remarks on the Metropolis" suggested by accompanying a boy to school. Several other papers will be read forthwith, and the authors replied to in our next.

Our cordial thanks are returned to C., to [redacted], to C. W., H. B. D., Orlando, W. H. C., T. R., A. constant Reader and Friend, Z., W. D., An Invalid. Hugh McG., G. E. I., A. M. P., and our Norfolk friend J. B., whose invitation we should gladly accept, especially this fine weather, if time and circumstances were as accommodating as he is.

We are obliged by the suggestions of W. M. T., and have thought much on that and similar projects; but must postpone its consideration for the present.

By some chance, which we much regret, the first note written some weeks ago by our fair correspondent I. H. was overlooked.

We are sorry we could not see the "wrestling." Perhaps our correspondent will give us another opportunity.

The "Addison" who translated Anacreon is not the celebrated Addison.

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